

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

"AND THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT
AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."—
Daniel.

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THE MORMONS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA
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BY THOMAS L. KANE.

"O quantus fervor omnium religiosorum in principio sue sanctae institutionis fuit!"
De Im. J. C. I. 18.

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From this time onward the energies of those already on the road were engrossed by the duty of providing for the fugitives who came crowding in after them. At a last general meeting of the sect at Nauvoo, there had been passed an unanimous resolve that they would sustain one another, whatever their circumstances, upon the march; and this, though made in view of no such appalling exigency, they now with one accord set themselves together to carry out.

Here begins the touching period of Mormon history; on which, but that it is for me a hackneyed subject, I should be glad to dwell, were it only for the proof it has afforded of the strictly material value to communities of an active common faith, and its happy illustrations of the power of the spirit of Christian fraternity to relieve the deepest of human suffer-

ing. I may assume that it has already fully claimed the public sympathy.

Delayed thus by their own wants, and by their exertions to provide for the wants of others, it was not till the month of June that the advance of the emigrant companies arrived at the Missouri.

This body, I remember, I had to join there, ascending the river for the purpose from Fort Leavenworth, which was at that time our frontier post. The Fort was the interesting rendezvous of the Army of the West, and the headquarters of its gallant chief, Stephen F. Kearney, whose guest and friend I account it my honor to have been. Many as were the reports daily received at the garrison from all portions of the Indian Territory, it was a significant fact, how little authentic intelligence was to be

obtained concerning the Mormons. Even the region in which they were to be sought after, was a question not attempted to be designated with accuracy, except by what are very well called in the West—Mormon stories; none of which bore any sifting. One of these averred, that a party of Mormons, in spangled crimson robes of office, headed by one in black velvet and silver, had been teaching a Jewish pow-wow to the medicine men of the Sauks and Foxes. Another averred that they were going about in buffalo robe short frocks, imitative of the costume of Saint John, preaching baptism and the instance of the kingdom of heaven among the Iowas. To believe one report, ammunition and whiskey had been received by Indian braves at the hands of an Elder with a flowing white beard, who spoke Indian, he alleged, because he had the gift of tongues:—this, as far north as the country of the Yanketon Sioux. According to another yet, which professed to be derived officially from at least one Indian sub-agent, the Mormons had distributed the scarlet uniforms of H. B. M.'s servants among the Pottawatamies, and had carried into their country twelve pieces of brass cannon, which were counted by a traveler as they were rafted across the East Fork of Grand River, one of the northern tributaries of the Missouri. The narrators of these pleasant stories were at variance as to the position of the Mormons by a couple of hundred leagues; but they harmonized in the warning, that to seek certain of the leading camps, would be to meet the treatment of a spy.

Almost at the outset of my journey from Fort Leavenworth, while yet upon the edge of the Indian border, I had the good fortune to fall in with a couple of thin-necked sawlow persons, in patchwork pantaloons, conducting northward wagon loads of Indian corn, which they had obtained, according to their own account, in barter from a squatter for some silver spoons, and a feather bed. Their character was disclosed by their eager request of a bite from my wallet; in default of which, after a somewhat superfluous scriptural grace, they made an imperfect lunch before me off the softer of their

corn ears, eating the grains as horses do from the cob. I took their advice to follow up the Missouri; somewhat not far from which, in the Pottawatamie country, they were sure I would encounter one of their advancing companies.

I had bad weather on the road. Excessive heats, varied only by repeated drenching thunder squalls, knocked up my horse, my only traveling companion, and otherwise added to the ordinary hardships of a kind of life, to which I was as yet little accustomed. I suffered a sense of discomfort, therefore, amounting to physical nostalgia, and was, in fact, wearied to death of the staring silence of the prairie, before I came upon the objects of my search.

They were collected a little distance above the Pottawatamie Agency. The hills of the "High Prairie" crowding in upon the river at this point, and overhanging it, appear of an unusual and commanding elevation. They are called the Council Bluffs; a name given them with another meaning, but well illustrated by the picturesque congress of their high and mighty summits. To the south of them a rich, alluvial flat of considerable width follows down the Missouri, some eight miles, to where it is lost from view at a turn, which forms the site of the Indian town of Point aux Poulx. Across the river from this spot the hills recur again, but are skirted at their base by as much low ground as suffices for a landing.

This landing, and the large flat or bottom on the east side of the river, were crowded with covered carts and wagons; and each one of the Council Bluff hills opposite, was crowned with its own great camp, gay with bright white canvas, and alive with the busy stir of swarming occupants. In the clear blue morning air, the smoke streamed up from more than a thousand cooking fires. Countless roads and by-paths checkered all manner of geometric figures on the hill sides. Herd boys were dozing upon the slopes; sheep and horses, cows and oxen, were feeding around them, and other herds in the luxuriant meadow of the then swollen river. From a single point I counted four thousand head of cattle

in view at one time. As I approached the camps, it seemed to me the children there were to prove still more numerous. Along a little creek I had to cross were women in greater force than blanchisseuses upon the Seine, washing and rinsing all manner of white muslins, red flannels, and parti-colored calicoes, and hanging them to bleach upon a greater area of grass and bushes than we can display in all our Washington Square.

Hastening by these, I saluted a group of noisy boys, whose purely vernacular cries had for me an invincible home-savoring attraction. It was one of them, a bright faced lad, who, hurrying on his jacket and trousers, fresh from bathing in the creek, first assured me I was at my right destination. He was a mere child; but he told me of his own accord where I had best go seek my welcome, and took my horse's bridle to help me pass a morass, the bridge over which he alleged to be unsafe.

There was something joyous for me in my free rambles about this vast body of pilgrims. I could range the wild country wherever I listed, under safeguard of their moving host. Not only in the main camps was all stir and life, but in every direction, it seemed to me I could follow 'Mormon Roads,' and find them beaten hard and even dusty by the tread and wear of the cattle and vehicles of emigrants laboring over them. By day, I would overtake and pass one after another, what amounted to an army train of them; and at night, if I encamped at the places where the timber and running water were found together, I was almost sure to be within call of some camp or other, or at least within sight of its watch-fires. Wherever I was compelled to tarry, I was certain to find shelter and hospitality, scant, indeed, but never stinted, and always honest and kind. After a recent unavoidable association with the border inhabitants of Western Missouri and Iowa, the vile scum which our own society, to apply the words of an admirable gentleman and eminent divine,* "like the great ocean washes upon its frontier shores," I can scarcely

describe the gratification I felt in associating again with persons who were almost all of Eastern American origin—persons of refined and cleanly habits and decent language, and in observing their peculiar and interesting mode of life; while every day seemed to bring with it its own especial incident, fruitful in the illustration of habits and character.

It was during the period of which I have just spoken, that the Mormon battalion of 520 men was recruited and marched for the Pacific Coast.

At the commencement of the Mexican war, the President considered it desirable to march a body of reliable infantry to California, at as early a period as practicable, and the known hardihood and habits of discipline of the Mormons, were supposed peculiarly to fit them for this service. As California was supposed also to be their ultimate destination, the long march might cost them less than other citizens. They were accordingly invited to furnish a battalion of volunteers early in the month of July.

The call could hardly have been more inconveniently timed. The young, and those who could best have been spared, were then away from the main body, either with pioneer companies in the van, or, their faith unannounced, seeking work and food about the north-western settlements, to support them till the return of the season for commencing emigration. The force was therefore to be recruited from among the fathers of families, and others whose presence it was most desirable to retain.

There were some, too, who could not view the invitation without jealousy. They had twice been persuaded by (State) Government authorities in Illinois and Missouri, to give up their arms on some special appeals to their patriotic confidence, and had then been left to the malice of their enemies. And now they were asked, in the midst of the Indian country, to surrender over five hundred of their best men for a war-march of thousands of miles to California, without the hope of return till after the conquest of that country. Could they view such a proposition with favor?

But the feeling of country triumphed.

* Rev. Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia.

The Union had never wronged them:—"You shall have your battalion at once, if it has to be a class of elders," said one, himself a ruling elder. A central 'mass meeting' for council, some harangues at the more remotely scattered camps, an American flag brought out from the storehouse of things rescued, and hoisted to the top of a tree mast—and, in three days, the force was reported, mustered, organized, and ready to march.

There was no sentimental affectation at their leave-taking. The afternoon before was appropriated to a farewell ball; and a more merry dancing rout I have never seen, though the company went without refreshments, and their ball-room was of the most primitive. It was the custom, whenever the larger camps rested for a few days together, to make great arbors, or boweries, as they called them, of poles, and brush, and wattling, as places of shelter for their meetings of devotion or conference. In one of these where the ground had been trodden firm and hard by the worshippers of the popular Father Taylor's precinct, was gathered now the mirth and beauty of the Mormon Israel.

If anything told the Mormons had been bred to other lives, it was the appearance of the women, as they assembled here. Before their flight, they had sold their watches and trinkets, as the most available resource for raising ready money; and hence, like their partners who wore waistcoats cut with useless watch pockets, they, although their ears were pierced and bore the loop-marks of rejected pendants, were without ear-rings, finger-rings, chains, or brooches. Except such ornaments however, they lacked nothing most becoming the attire of decorous maidens. The neatly darned white stocking, and clean bright petticoat, the artistically clear-starched collar and chemisette, the something faded, only because too well washed, lawn or gingham gown, that fitted modishly to the waist of its pretty wearer,—these, if any of them spoke of poverty, spoke of a poverty that had known its better days.

With the rest, attended the Elders of the Church within call, including nearly all the chiefs of the High Coun-

cil, with their wives and children. They, the gravest and most trouble-worn, seemed the most anxious of any to be the first to throw off the burden of heavy thoughts. Their leading off the dancing in a great double cotillion, was the signal bade the festivity commence. To the canto of debonnair violins, the cheer of horns, the jingle of sleigh bells, and the jovial snoring of the tamborine, they did dance! None of your minuets or other mortuary processions of gentles in etiquette, tight shoes, and pinching gloves, but the spirited and scientific displays of our venerated and merry grandparents, who were not above following the fiddle to the Fox chase Inn, or Gardens of Gray's Ferry. French Fours, Copenhagen jigs, Virginia reels, and the like forgotten figures executed with the spirit of people too happy to be slow, or bashful, or constrained. Light hearts, lithe figures, and light feet, had it their own way from an early hour till after the sun had dipped behind the sharp sky-line of the Omaha hills. Silence was then called, and a well-cultivated mezzo-soprano voice, belonging to a young lady with fair face and dark eyes, gave with quartette accompaniment a little song, the notes of which I have been unsuccessful in repeated efforts to obtain since—a version of the text, touching to all earthly wanderers:—

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept."

"We wept when we remembered Zion."

There was danger of some expression of feeling when the song was over, for it had begun to draw tears; but breaking the quiet with his hard voice, an Elder asked the blessing of Heaven on all who, with purity of heart and brotherhood of spirit, had mingled in that society, and then all dispersed, hastening to cover from the falling dews. All, I remember, but some splendid Indians, who in cardinal scarlet blankets and feathered leggings, had been making foreground figures for the dancing rings, like those in Mr. West's picture of our Philadelphia Treaty, and staring their inability to comprehend the wonderful performances. These loitered to the last, as if unwilling to seek their abject homes.

Well as I knew the peculiar fondness of the Mormons for music, their orchestra in service on this occasion astonished me by its numbers and fine drill. The story was, that an eloquent Mormon missionary had converted its members in a body at an English town, a stronghold of the sect, and that they took up their trumpets, trombones, drums, and hautboys together, and followed him to America.

When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their table ware, jewellery, and almost every other fragment of metal wealth they possessed that was not iron, they had never a thought of giving up the instruments of this favorite band. And when the battalion was enlisted, though high inducements were offered some of the performers to accompany it, they all refused. Their fortunes went with the Camp of the Tabernacle. They had led the Farewell Service in the Nauvoo Temple. Their office now was to guide the monater chorusses and Sunday hymns; and like the trumpets of silver, made of a whole piece, 'for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps,' to knoll the people into church. Some of their wind instruments, indeed, were uncommonly full and pure-toned, and in that clear dry air could be heard to a great distance. It had the strangest effect in the world, to listen to their sweet music winding over the uninhabited country. Something in the style of a Moravian death-tune blown at day-break, but altogether unique. It might be when you were hunting a ford over the Great Platte, the dreariest of all wild rivers, perplexed among the far-reaching sand bars, and curlew shallows of its shifting bed:—the wind rising would bring you the first faint thought of a melody; and as you listened, borne down upon the gust that swept past you a cloud of the dry sifted sands, you recognized it—perhaps a home-loved theme of Henry Proch or Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, away there in the Indian Marches!

The battalion gone, the host again moved on. The tents which had gathered on the hill summits, like white birds hesitating to venture on the long flight over the river, were

struck one after another, and the dwellers in them, and their wagons and their cattle, hastened down to cross it at a ferry in the valley, which they made ply night and day. A little beyond the landing they formed their companies, and made their preparations for the last and longest stage of their journey. It was a more serious matter to cross the mountains then than now, that the thirst of our people for the gold of California has made the region between them and their desire such literally trodden ground.

Thanks to this wonderful movement. I may dismiss an effort to describe the incidents of emigrant life upon the Plains, presuming that you have been made more than familiar with them already, by the many repeated descriptions of which they have been the subject. The desert march, the ford, the quicksand, the Indian battle, the bison chase, the prairie fire,—the adventures of the Mormons comprised every variety of these varieties; but I could not hope to invest them with the interest of novelty. The character of their everyday life, its routine and conduct, alone offered any exclusive or marked peculiarity. Their romantic devotional observances, and their admirable concert of purpose and action, met the eye at once. After these, the stranger was most struck, perhaps, by the strict order of march, the unconfused closing up to meet attack, the skillful securing of the cattle upon the halt, the system with which the watches were set at night to guard them and the lines of *corral*—with other similar circumstances indicative of the maintenance of a high state of discipline. Every ten of their wagons was under the care of a captain. The captain of ten, as they termed him, obeyed a captain of fifty; who, in turn, obeyed his captain of a hundred, or directly a member of what they call the High Council of the Church. All these were responsible and determined men, approved of by the people for their courage, discretion, and experience. So well recognized were the results of this organization, that bands of hostile Indians have passed by comparative small parties of Mormons, to attack much larger, but less compact bodies of other emigrants.

The most striking feature, however, of the Mormon emigration was undoubtedly their formation of the Tabernacle Camps and temporary Stakes or Settlements, which renewed in the sleeping solitudes, everywhere along their road, the cheering signs of intelligent and hopeful life.

I will make this remark plainer by describing to you one of these camps, with the daily routine of its inhabitants. I select at random, for my purpose, a large camp upon the delta, between the Nebraska and Missouri, in the territory disputed between the Omaha and Otto and Missouri Indians. It remained pitched here for nearly two months, during which period I resided in it.

It was situated near the Petit Papillon, or Little Butterfly River, and upon some finely rounded hills that encircle a favorite cool spring. On each of these a square was marked out; and the wagons as they arrived took their positions along its four sides in double rows, so as to leave a roomy street or passage way between them. The tents were disposed also in rows, at intervals between the wagons. The cattle were folded in high-fenced yards outside. The quadrangle inside was left vacant for the sake of ventilation, and the streets covered in with leafy arbor work, and kept scrupulously clean, formed a shaded cloister walk. This was the place of exercise for slowly recovering invalids, the day-home of the infants, and the evening promenade of all.

From the first formation of the camp all its inhabitants were constantly and laboriously occupied. Many of them were highly educated mechanics, and seemed only to need a day's anticipated rest to engage them at the forge, loom, or turning lathe, upon some needed *chore* of work. A Mormon gunsmith is the inventor of the excellent repeating rifle, that loads by slides instead of cylinders; and one of the neatest finished fire-arms I have ever seen was of this kind, wrought from scraps of old iron, and inlaid with the silver of a couple of half-dollars, under a hot July sun, in a spot where the average height of the grass was above the workman's shoulders. I have seen a cobbler, after the halt of

his party on the march, hurrying along the river bank for a lapstone in the twilight, that he might finish a famous boot sole by the camp fire; and I have had a piece of cloth, the wool of which was sheared, and dyed, and spun and woven, during a progress of over three hundred miles.

Their more interesting occupations, however, were those growing out of their peculiar circumstances and position. The chiefs were seldom without some curious affair on hand to settle with the restless Indians; while the immense labor and responsibility of the conduct of their unwieldy moving army, and the commissariat of its hundreds of famishing poor, also devolved upon them. They had good men they called Bishops, whose special office it was to look up the cases of extreme suffering; and their relief parties were out night and day to scour over every trail.

At this time, say two months before the final expulsion from Nauvoo, there were already, along three hundred miles of the road between that city and our Papillon camp, over two thousand emigrating wagons, besides a large number of nondescript turn-outs, the motley make-shifts of poverty; from the unsuitably heavy cart that lumbered on mysteriously, with its sick driver hidden under its counterpane cover, to the crazy two-wheeled trundle, such as our own poor employ for the conveyance of their slop barrels; this pulled along, it may be, by a little dry dugged heifer, and rigged up only to drag some such light weight as a baby, a sack of meal, or a pack of clothes and bedding.

Some of them were in distress from losses upon the way. A strong trait of the Mormons was their kindness to their brute dependents, and particularly to their beasts of draught. They gave them the holiday of the Sabbath whenever it came round; I believe they would have washed them with old wine, after the example of the emigrant Carthaginians, had they had any. Still in the slave coast heats, under which the animals had to move, they sometimes foundered. Sometimes, too, they strayed off in the night, or were mired in morasses; or oftener were stolen by Indians, who

found market covert for such plunder among the horse-thief whites of the frontier. But the great mass of these pilgrims of the desert was made up of poor folks, who had fled in destitution from Nauvoo, and been refused a resting place by the people of Iowa.

It is difficult fully to understand the state of helplessness in which some of these would arrive, after accomplishing a journey of such extent, under circumstances of so much privation and peril. The fact was, they seemed to believe that all their trouble would be at an end if they could only come up with their comrades at the Great Camps. For this they calculated their resources, among which their power of endurance was by much the largest and most reliable item, and they were not disappointed if they arrived with these utterly exhausted.

I remember a single instance of this at the Papillon camp.

It was that of a joyous-hearted clever fellow, whose songs and fiddle-tunes were the life and delight of Nauvoo in its merry days. I forget his story, and how exactly it fell about, that after a Mormon's full peck of troubles, he started after us with his wife and little ones, from some 'lying down place' in Indian country, where he had contended with an attack of a serious malady. He was just convalescent, and the fatigue of marching on foot again with a child on his back, speedily brought on a relapse. But his anxiety to reach a place where he could expect to meet friends with shelter and food, was such that he only pressed on the harder. Probably for more than a week of the dog-star weather, he labored on under a high fever, walking every day till he was entirely exhausted. His limbs failed him then; but his courage holding out, he got into his covered cart, on top of its freight of baggage, and made them drive him on, while he lay down. They could hardly believe how ill he was, he

talked on so cheerfully—"I'm nothing on earth ailing, but home sick: I'm cured the very minute I get to camp, and see the brethren."

Not being able thus to watch his course, he lost his way and had to regain it through a wretched track of Low Meadow Prairie, where there were no trees to break the noon, nor water but what was ague-sweet or brackish. By the time he got back to the trail of the High Prairie, he was, in his own phrase, 'pretty far gone!' Yet he was resolute in his purpose as ever, and to a party he fell in with, avowed his intention to be cured at the camp, and nowhere else! He even jested with them, comparing his jolting couch to a summer cot in a whitewashed cockloft. "But I'll make them take me down," he said, "and give me a dip in the river when I get there. All I care for is to see the brethren."

His determined bearing rallied the spirit of his traveling household, and they kept on their way till he was within a few hours' journey of the camp. He entered on his last day's journey with the energy of increased hope.

I remember that day well. For in the evening I mounted a tired horse to go a short errand, and in mere pity had to turn back before I had walked him a couple of hundred yards. Nothing seemed to draw life from the languid air but the clouds of gnats and stinging midges; and long after sundown, it was so hot that the sheep lay on their stomachs panting, and the cattle strove to lap wind like hard fagged hunting dogs. In camp, I had spent the day in watching the invalids, and the rest hunting the shade under the wagon bodies, and veering about them like the shadows round the sundial. I know I thought myself wretched enough to be of their company.

Poor Merryman had all that heat to bear, with the mere pretence of an awning to screen out the sun from his close muslin cockloft.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent tolerance; to a friend your heart; to your child a good example; to a father deference; to your mother conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself respect; to all men charity; to God obedience.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1876.

THE GIFTS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

On the 22nd day of September 1832, the Prophet Joseph and six Elders received a revelation from our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, which is published in the book of *Doctrine and Covenants*, part of which reads as follows: "Therefore go ye into all the world, and whatsoever place ye cannot go into ye shall send, that the testimony may go from you into all the world unto every creature. And as I said unto mine apostles, even so I say unto you, for you are mine apostles; even God's high priests; ye are they whom my Father hath given me—ye are my friends; therefore, as I said unto mine apostles I say unto you again, that every soul who believeth on your words, and is baptized by water for the remission of sins, shall receive the Holy Ghost—and these signs shall follow them that believe."

"In my name they shall do many wonderful works; in my name they shall cast out devils; in my name they shall heal the sick; in my name they shall open the eyes of the blind, and unstop the ears of the deaf; and the tongue of the dumb shall speak; and if any man shall administer poison unto them it shall not hurt them; and the poison of a serpent shall not have power to harm them."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, they who believe not on your words, and are not baptized in water, in my name, for the remission of their sins, that they may receive the Holy Ghost, shall be damned, and shall not come into my Father's kingdom, where my Father and I are. And this revelation unto you, and commandment, is in force from this very hour upon all the world, and the Gospel is unto all who have not received it."

These promises of the Savior are almost identical with those made to his Apostles as recorded in Mark xvi, 15—18, constituting the commission which he gave them as the ministers of his Gospel.

Why do not professing ministers of Christ's Gospel so teach to-day? Simply because they know that the signs would not so follow if they promised them, and this would be to prove themselves false teachers. No matter why they believe the signs shall not now follow believers, whether because of apostacy, or as being no longer needed, or for any reason whatever, the answer is still the same.

But Joseph Smith reiterates the Savior's promises. He has no fear of being proved a false teacher. He professes to be a Christian minister called and sent of God, and, consistently with that calling, he makes these promises to all

the world. If an impostor, he could hardly have been so ignorant as not to know that the failure of these promises must have proved the imposition, hence he would not have made them. On the other hand, and in consideration of the nature of his claims, since he did make these promises, does not their fulfillment prove him to be an authorized minister of Christ? At all events, to question this is to question the truth and wisdom of the Savior who instituted the signs in his Church to confirm believers in their faith. For if an ignorant, wicked impostor, might promise his followers these signs, and they should receive them, in confirmation of so wicked an imposition, of what value would be the Savior's gifts to his followers as attesting the truth of the Gospel?

There are thousands of living witnesses who testify that the Gospel signs have been, and are now, enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints in literal fulfillment of the revelation as above quoted. Had it been otherwise, had not converts received the promised signs, must not so manifest an evidence of imposture have long since destroyed it? But the fact that the Church has steadily increased in numbers from the date of the above prediction, and is more powerful to-day—because of the increased faith and good works of its members—than at any previous time, speaks louder than words in support of its truth.

As the Church of Christ was formerly founded in immediate revelation, and built of living stones quickened by the same Spirit, so is the latter-day Church. Peter received the knowledge of Christ by immediate revelation from God (Matt. xvi, 17), and was thereby qualified to be the foundation stone of Christ's Church in that dispensation; while the Saints also received a similar knowledge of Christ by the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and were thereby constituted fit stones wherewith to build the edifice. Peter says to the Saints: "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." (1 Peter ii, 5.)

Without immediate revelation there could have been no foundation stone—no building materials—no Christian Church. How were the Saints made lively stones? We repeat, by receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost. How did they receive it? Peter told the unconverted to repent and be baptized, every one of them, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. He further declared that the promise was not only to those who then heard him, but to all that were afar off, even as many as the Lord our God should call. (Acts ii, 38, 39.) Paul affirmed that "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." Indeed the entire chapter (1 Cor. xii), as well as the two subsequent ones, prove conclusively that the body or Church of Christ cannot exist upon earth without the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Paul likens the Church of Christ to the body of a man, and shows how indispensable is each member to that body. The Saints, he says, "are the body of Christ, and members in particular;" and to each member is given one or more gifts, the Holy Ghost "dividing to each man severally as he will;" such as wisdom, knowledge, faith, healing, prophecy, discerning of spirits, divers kinds of tongues and interpretation of tongues. These gifts to be continued in the Church until the perfection of the

body shall be consummated, that is to say, until the Saints shall no longer "see through a glass darkly," as Paul said he then saw, but till they should see face to face. Now, he said, "We know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." Paul's testimony corroborates Peter's, and both affirm that the gifts of the Holy Ghost constituted the Saints "lively members," and that these composed the body or Church of Christ. It is therefore certain that with the cessation of these gifts, the growth of the Church must have ceased upon the earth for want of material wherewith to build it.

The Rev. John Wesley says in his 94th sermon: "The real cause why the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost were no longer to be found in the Christian Church is, that the Christians were turned heathens again, and had only a dead form left." The church of England states in her homily on the perils of idolatry, "that laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, men and women, and children of all ages, sects, and degrees, of whole Christendom, have been at once buried in the most abominable idolatry, (a most dreadful thing to think,) and that for the space of eight hundred years or more."

We perfectly coincide with these views, so far as they go; but we further protest against the Anglican church, or the Wesleyan church, claiming to be the church of Christ, simply because they may have got rid of certain papal errors. It is still true as Wesley has it, they are all heathens, and have only a dead form left, and this too without calling in question their piety, sincerity, or good wishes. Like all other heathens they still need to be converted. The altar, the mourner's bench, and the anxious seat may be all very good in the absence of better light, but the principles of the Gospel of Christ are, and always were, Faith, Repentance, Baptism for the remission of sins, and the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Christ said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Hence Peter's instructions on the day of Pentecost, and also to Cornelius; Philip to the Samaritans, and to the Ethiopian of Candace; Annanias to Paul, saying, "Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins." Paul to the jailer, and to Lydia, who when they believed were baptized with their households; and to the twelve disciples of John at Ephesus, and to the Corinthians.

Without such a foundation as Peter, all churches are built on sand. We repeat that Peter received the knowledge of Christ by direct revelation from God, and thereby became qualified for his position. Nothing short of this would have sufficed in that day; nothing short of it can suffice in ours.

This qualification is precisely what Joseph Smith claimed to have received. He also claimed to have received ordination to the Apostleship under the hands of Peter, James, and John, and thus he became the foundation stone of Christ's Church in this dispensation. Having this authority he opened the door of salvation to all men in this generation upon the same terms, and with the same powers, privileges, and blessings, as did Peter.

All the Latter-day Saints in all the earth are witnesses of this great truth, and if the value of evidence is increased with the amount of suffering endured in support of it, then the evidence of the Latter-day Saints is exceptionally valuable. As a people they have borne persecutions unparalleled in modern times, and while thousands of them have been repeatedly driven from home

and possessions, hundreds have lost their lives because of the testimony they have delivered.

If the world at large reject these living evidences, how can they consistently profess to receive similar evidences which are merely traditional? Will not Jesus say of them as he said of the professedly righteous in his generation: "Woe unto you! for ye build the sepulchres of the Prophets, and your fathers killed them. Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will send them Prophets and Apostles, and some of them they shall slay and persecute, that the blood of all the Prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world, may be required of this generation." D. McK.

EMIGRATION.—To avoid the necessity of repetition, we assure the Saints that just so soon as the railway rates are ascertained, and the time is fixed for the sailing of the first company, due notice thereof will be given in the STAR.

RELEASED.—On account of failing health, Elder Shadrach Empey is released to return to Utah.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SWITZERLAND.

Winterthur, March 13, 1876.

Prest. A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—As it is some little time since I have written to you, I feel it my duty to again communicate a few items.

The work of the Lord is progressing very favorably in this part of the Mission. Our meetings, as a general thing, are well attended by Saints and strangers, and occasionally a few are added to our numbers through the ordinances of baptism and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

We are also trying to "break new ground" in different parts of the country, and, as far as I can judge, prospects are good for the future.

Brother Theurer has been laboring for a few weeks in Germany, baptizing ten persons and organizing a Branch at Ludwigshafen, near Mannheim, which now numbers sixteen members. Elder Theurer is still laboring there, and writes encouragingly.

I have had to appear twice before the court in one of the rural districts in Canton Bern, on account of a short article on polygamy, contained in the pamphlet we published last year. As

it is known everywhere that polygamy is practiced in Utah, the article referred to merely shows it to be a Bible doctrine, sustained of the Lord as practiced by his ancient servants. Judge Berger has seen fit to call it immoral, fined me fifty francs, and confiscated the whole edition of the pamphlet, or the remaining part of it, based on a law which forbids the spreading of obscene literature. I tried to reason with the judge, showing him that it was a Bible doctrine, that the Lord sustained it, and that to call the pamphlet immoral, he would have to call the Bible so also. He said he did not believe the Bible, and it was his way of looking at things, another man might look at it differently. I appealed the case to a higher tribunal, and employed a lawyer to defend me, as I had not the privilege of defending myself; but the decision of the lower court was affirmed, contrary to the expectation of nearly every one, even the prosecuting attorney, who clearly showed that the judgment against us would be an infringement on the liberty of the press. One of the three judges was also in our favor, but the other two prevailed. I then appealed the case to the Supreme Court of Switzerland, and there it remains for

the present; we look for the decision in April. Judge Berger, not willing to wait for the decision of the Supreme Court, published the whole proceedings in his organ, the *Emmenthaler Blatt*, and from this, others copied, until it appeared in almost every newspaper in the country. No doubt he thought this would stop the spreading of Mormonism; however, in this he has made a great mistake, for we have since had to supply our lawyer every few days with pamphlets, they being called for by a number of prominent men, including the American minister; and as Judge Berger's decision, as well as the decision of the court above, is in violation of all law and right, we are gaining many friends in consequence. By the by, one of the judges is also President of the Synod, and of course it would have been too much for him to let an article on polygamy pass uncondemned.

Mr. Steck, my attorney, wrote a spicy reply, which has as yet only appeared in one of the papers.

We are moving quietly and steadily along, offering salvation in the name of the Lord to the people; and as we are brought into note with the doctrines of Christ—I might say almost against our will—we will take advantage of it, and labor with all our might for our Redeemer's kingdom, and to the honor and glory of God.

The Elders are all well, and feeling that God is with us.

May God bless and prosper you and the cause of Zion in every land, and with kind love to yourself, and the brethren with you, I am your brother in the Gospel,

J. U. STUCKI.

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AMERICA.

MISSIONARY WORK.—The following is extracted from a letter from Elder Joseph F. Simmons, dated at St. Louis, Feb. 9th, to a relative at Salt Lake City:—

"I promised to tell you how Elder Young and myself got to Mill Creek, near Auburn, Mo., about seventy-five or a hundred miles from St. Louis. We had no money, but went to the residence of brother John Cunningham. He is a brother-in-law of Wil-

liam Lambourne, and very good folks he and his family are. Well, he gave us five dollars, just the amount wanted to take us to Mill Creek. I told Joseph G. in the morning, that we would go to Cunningham's, and he would give us five dollars, and sure enough he did, without asking. We purchased two tickets and got on the train, the river being frozen over and impassable. Our money carried us as far as Wentzville, a distance of about forty-two miles. We arrived at Wentzville about eight o'clock at night, without money, and about thirty miles to go before reaching our destination. We went to a residence and were refused the privilege of staying over night; went to another house, and, after talking considerably, they concluded to let us stay. We stayed over night, got up next morning, started on our journey, came to a house, asked for something, were refused; went to another house, where they said they didn't have anything. We went to a colored man's house, and got a good meal, consisting of warm biscuits and butter, and molasses, and milk to drink. We paid him twenty-five cents that we happened to have. From there walked all day, in mud ankle deep. It came on dark. We stopped and asked the privilege at a house to stay all night, but were refused; tried again at another place, refused again. We went on, gave out, could walk no longer, and lost our way in the woods, where we stayed all night in the month of January, and very cold. We made a fire, and about daylight we started on our way. We called at a house, asked for something to eat, and soon got some fat pork and cold biscuits, which tasted wonderfully good. We walked all day, until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when we arrived at Mill Creek, Auburn, the place we started for, feeling very tired, and sore and lame, but all safe and sound. We held four meetings, and had good attendance and excellent order. We baptized and confirmed four people, and did a good work if we did suffer. The Lord blessed us, and if we do no more good while on our mission, we have accomplished a great deal of good in bringing these few souls to a know-

ledge of the truth. The way we got back was not quite so hard. We had money given us, that enabled us to come back to St. Louis all safe and

sound, and in the enjoyment of good health, for all of which I feel truly thankful to our heavenly Father."—*Deseret News.*

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

WALES.

6, Queen Street, Carmarthen,
March 14, 1876.

Prest. A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—It appears from a letter which I to-day received, that Elder Jeremy, during his voyage to New York, experienced rough weather, and but feeble health; but it is to be hoped that in both respects his fate is ere this changed for the better.

Last Wednesday evening, I had the pleasure of speaking to a large and attentive congregation, in the Town Hall at Llanybydder. Through the generosity of the proprietor, as on former occasions, I was favored with the use of the hall free of charge.

On Sunday we held two meetings in Carmarthen, when Elder T. D. Evans, and two local Elders, viz., Wm. Evans and R. Fisher, of Kidwelly, were pre-

sent. Our congregations on that day were small, owing to lack of publicity.

Last night Elder Evans and myself had a very interesting meeting in the Town Hall at St. Clears; here also the gentlemanly proprietor donated the use of the hall gratuitously.

On arriving here this afternoon, I found a letter of invitation for "Doctor" Martell to preach next Sunday in a chapel some fifteen miles from this town, and also in a private house at another place on the same day.

My health, I am happy to be able to say, is good, as also that of brother Evans, who this morning left St. Clears for Haverfordwest.

Praying God to bless you and yours, the people of your charge, and all the Israel of God, I remain your brother in the Gospel,

T. C. MARTELL.

MORMONISM AT ST. CLEARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "WEEKLY REPORTER."

Sir,—Yesterday evening, more for curiosity than any thing else, I went to hear two Mormon apostles preach at the town-hall, in this place. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Thomas C. Martell, son of the highly respected late Mr. John Martell, of this town. After prayer and singing, the president introduced his fellow-laborer by the name of Evans, who, after speaking at considerable length, and with great warmth, concluded by quoting Scripture to prove that unless a man be baptized he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

No sooner had the first speaker got through with his discourse, than another Mr. Evans in the congregation got up, and condemned his doctrine,

and that he could prove from Scripture that the thief who was hanged on the cross ascended with the Savior to God the Father (cries in the assembly, "yes, yes," &c.)

After getting the house to order, the president very politely invited any person wishing to take up the subject to come to the platform, or if no one wished to do so, he would take up the subject. He then read Luke xxiii, 43: "And Jesus said unto him, verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." John xx, 17: "Jesus saith unto her, touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father;" and 1 Peter iii, 18, 19, and showed plainly therefrom, to my astonishment, and, I believe, to the

amazement of all present, that there is no Scriptural ground to the popular and almost universal opinion that the thief on the cross ever was saved.

It appears that both of the speakers have been to Salt Lake, and lived with the Mormons there for over twenty years. I must say, that, although I went to the meeting greatly prejudiced

against the Mormons and Mormonism, I there was convinced that they or their doctrine can not easily be confuted from the written word of God.

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.,

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

St. Clears, March 14, 1876.

UTAH NEWS.

From the *Deseret News* :—

U. S. MARSHAL FOR UTAH.—William Nelson, formerly editor of the *La Crosse Republican Leader*, has been nominated United States Marshal of Utah, *vice* Maxwell, removed. This appointment was made through General Rusk.

NEW BOOK.—*Correspondence of Palestine Tourists* is the title of an interesting volume, of nearly 400 pages, printed and published, and now for sale, at the *Deseret News* Office, containing ninety-five letters written by various members of the party which left Salt Lake City in the winter of 1872, under the guidance of the late President George A. Smith, on a mission to Palestine, a mission undertaken for the purpose of consecrating the Holy Land, preparatory to the gathering home of the long scattered remnants of Israel—one of the main features connected with the great latter-day work of God generally called "Mormonism."

THE HYDRANTS.—Mr. Ellerbeck, superintendent of waterworks, is now (Feb. 25th) having the hydrants put in and connected with the water mains. The articles were cast at the foundry of Davis, Howe & Co., of S. L. City, and differ from any other hydrants in the world, and we question whether there are any others that are more complete in design. Instead of being put in the ground like an ordinary post, as most other hydrants are, being a post-hydrant, they are surrounded at and below the surface of the ground by a large box, made of two inch plank, with an iron table flush with the surface of the ground, which can be opened so as to admit a man to go down and make repairs, such as stopping leakages, etc., when required, and the hydrants not being brought in contact with the frozen ground renders them less liable to freeze than otherwise. The design was original with Mr. Ellerbeck, who was ably assisted by Mr. Amos Howe, of the firm of Davis, Howe & Co. Providing the weather remains suitable, the superintendent thinks he can put a couple of hydrants in each day. If they prove to be as excellent as they have the appearance of being, everybody will be well satisfied.

THAT LECTURE.—Last night (Feb. 23rd) the 20th Ward school-house was crowded to excess on the occasion of the lecture of Elder Joseph F. Smith, on "Incidents from the Life of the Prophet Joseph Smith," many being unable to find sitting room. The attention of the large audience was retained by the speaker from beginning to close. He related many interesting incidents connected with the bringing forth of the Book of Mormon, and the establishment of the Church of Christ in this last dispensation, showing the struggles, trials, and temptations to which the Prophet Joseph Smith was subjected during his life. The lecturer also showed the greatness of the work which the Prophet, under the blessing of God, was instrumental in performing, and the qualities of honesty, steadfastness, and faith that characterized his whole life. Altogether the lecture was one of intense interest, giving great satisfaction to those who listened to it.

AN EXCELLENT PERIODICAL.—Before us is No. 1 of Vol. 11, of the *Juvenile Instructor*, probably one of the best periodicals of its class published anywhere in the world, and one that should be liberally patronized by the Latter-day Saints.

A FOUR HANDED FIGHT.—Utah now has two republican parties and two democratic parties, all snarling and growling at, and "pitching into" each other, while the people stand by and look on, as it is none of their fight.

NEWS FROM SOUTH.—We learn that the brethren who composed Elder James S. Brown's exploring party have completed their rock house at the Moyn Coppy, and that the Indians are exceedingly friendly. Tooby, the Moquitch chief, and his wife, have been baptized.

RETURNED.—General George C. Bates, who has been on a visit to some portions of Michigan and to Chicago, returned to the city on Saturday, (Feb. 25th). He reports a very discouraging stagnation of business in the "Queen City," the unemployed poor running up into the thousands, with an apparently dreary prospect ahead.

UTAH MATTERS IN WASHINGTON.—We hear that [the long Utah ring bill, presented, but not advocated, by Mr. Springer, of Illinois, in the U. S. House of Representatives, excluding polygamists from the right of suffrage, has been referred to a sub-committee of the committee on Judiciary, which sub-committee consists of Hon. B. G. Caulfield, of Chicago. It is further reported that Mr. Caulfield is a Roman Catholic, and that he is anything but delighted with the reference of such a bill to him.

From the *Salt Lake Herald*:—

TEA PARTY.—The party given last evening (March 1st) by the young ladies of the Fourteenth Ward, was financially a great success. The supper provided could not have been better nor more appropriate to the occasion, and was presided over by blooming and attentive ladies, who were dressed *a la* Martha Washington, and whose endeavors to make the entertainment one of enjoyment to all were eminently successful. The affair closed shortly after 10 o'clock, and a more satisfied company never left the assembly rooms of that Ward.

PRIVATE RAILROAD.—Z. C. M. I. is laying a railroad track from the Valley house corner to East Temple-street, and will haul goods from the depot to the new store on cars constructed for the purpose.

From the *Salt Lake Daily Times*:—

THE OGDEN IRON WORKS.—We are pleased to learn that there is to be an early resumption of work on the above works, and that they will soon be put in operation. The location of these works, contiguous as they are to extensive iron ore deposits, and the desirability for such establishments to aid in Utah's development, are both of them incentives to the exercise of strong efforts to promote the development of the enterprise in question.

TERRITORIAL DELEGATES ON COMMITTEES.—In the U. S. House of Representatives, Feb. 15th, Mr. Fort said—"The committee on the Territories have unanimously instructed me to report the following resolution and ask its adoption:

"Resolved, That the Committee on the Rules be requested to inquire into the expediency and justice of reporting an amendment to the rules under which Delegates from the Territories shall be appointed on the following committees with the same privileges they have in the House, to wit: Committee on Indian Affairs, Military Affairs, Mines and Mining, Pacific Railroad, Public Lands, Private Land Claims, Post Office and Post-Roads, and Commerce."

There being no objection, the resolution was adopted.